

“And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,  
For this I tell thee sure,  
The sod that drank the Douglas’ blood      215  
Shall never bear the Moor!”

The King he lighted from his horse,  
He flung his brand away,  
And took the Douglas by the hand,  
So stately as he lay.      220

“God give thee rest, thou valiant soul!  
That fought so well for Spain;  
I’d rather half my land were gone,  
So thou wert here again!”

We bore the good Lord James away,      225  
And the priceless heart we bore,  
And heavily we steered our ship  
Towards the Scottish shore.

No welcome greeted our return,  
Nor clang of martial tread,      230  
But all were dumb and hushed as death  
Before the mighty dead.

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,  
The heart in fair Melrose;  
And woful men were we that day—      235  
God grant their souls repose!

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN.